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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

George D. Herron William T. Brown
William Mailly Leonard D. Abbott
John Spargo Marion Craig Wentworth
Franklin H. Wentworth, *Executive*

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"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfeared life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

The Socialist Spirit

VOL. I

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No. 8

The Ship Subsidy

The United States
Senate, true to the
interest of the capi-

talists in whose employ it operates, has finally enacted its part of the measure planned so long ago to openly and brazenly loot the United States treasury.

The ship subsidy bill, which has passed the "upper" house, is simply a treasury grab on behalf of powerful interests, and especially the International Navigation company (American line), behind which are the Standard Oil, Morgan and Pennsylvania railroad interests.

The stupendous insolence of these men whom the people pay \$5,000 a year to make just laws and conserve the public welfare makes one who is not blinded to their real character stand aghast. Only a steadfast confidence in the gross stupidity of the people could ever fortify them in a course which, if taken outside of the "law" they make themselves, would rightly land all of them in prison as common thieves.

That the people are helpless to prevent this brazen picking of their pockets is a fact that should interest those astute persons who still are inclined to the belief that representative government "represents."

Two things stand between the senate enactment and its engrossment as a law; one thing is the lower house, the other is the President's veto.

It will be interesting to watch what they do.

The object of the measure just passed by the senate is to amend the subsidy act of 1891 in order to increase the subsidy. The present loot is not enough to satisfy all the "interests" in the pool. The act of 1891 enables the International Navigation company to gobble the postal subsidy for the trans-Atlantic "service" almost in its entirety.

That company under the law of 1891 gets over \$500,000 for carrying about half as much of the United States mail as is carried by the Cunard company, to which the United States government pays only about \$200,000. The whole sum paid out by the United States government under the law of 1891 is \$1,826,000 a year; under the proposed bill the cost will be, as estimated by the subsidy senators, about \$4,700,000,—of which about \$1,700,000 would go to the International Navigation company at the outset. Its stake in the present measure, as to the postal subsidy feature alone, is over \$1,000,000 a year.

Beyond increasing the postal subsidy, which is almost a free and joyous gift of the people's money to those who are already doubly and triply paid, the present bill offers a general subsidy of one cent per registered ton for every 100 nautical miles sailed on both outward and inward voyages up to a limit of sixteen voyages a year; to every steam

and sail vessel built in the United States and owned by American citizens. The Frye-Hanna subsidy bill of the last congress required the subsidized ship to have a cargo of at least 50 per cent of its capacity, but this bill imposes no such restriction; you simply have to sail; you don't have to carry any cargo to get the money. Any old scow that can be kept afloat can sail around flying the American flag and get paid with the money taxed out of the people's pockets;—just for the act of sailing. It is an uproarious comedy and certainly will build up a remarkable "merchant marine." If you have an old ship you don't need, just stock it with provisions and a few barrels of whisky and take a party of convivial spirits for a sail to foreign parts;—you can all make more money this way than by doing honest work on shore.

The people pay;—always the people pay.

This general subsidy section, the promoters of the bill modestly assert, "will not cost the government at the outset more than \$800,000 a year." On what they base their assertion does not appear.

This is a pretty phrase; this "costing the government";—as if the "government" were a producer of wealth.

Nothing ever costs the "government" anything; it costs the people; the "government" itself costs money to maintain. This transparent absurdity that the government has unlimited resources aside from the pockets of the people has been so impressed upon the minds of all "loyal subjects" that the majority of them look upon lavish governmental expenditures with supreme indifference. They realize that it is hard to get food enough and clothing enough for their families; and most of them are worried out of all conscience to live comfortably; but they never think of the millions a month the "government" is spending in the Philippines, and in ship subsidies, and sugar bounties,—money that is

squeezed out of their little, sordid, middle-class lives and which they think it "patriotism" to give up;—that is, if they are acute enough to see that they are giving up, which is an evidence of unusual intelligence in the middle class man.

It is further provided by this bill that \$2 per ton per year shall be paid to every American vessel engaged in the deep-sea fisheries for as much as three months in any year, besides \$1 a month to every American citizen employed upon such fishing vessel. This is for the purpose of rearing a class of American seamen to serve in the holds of the modern steamship in peace or war.

If the bill becomes a law you can go fishing at a profit whether you catch any fish or not.

The Frye-Hanna bill of the last Congress imposed a maximum limit of \$9,000,000 for aggregate subsidy payments in any one year, but this bill imposes no limit.

As the bill was first introduced, it left the general subsidy open to ships of American registry, whether built in the United States or not. It has now been changed to apply only to American built ships, but Congress is, of course, at liberty to admit Mr. Morgan's whole foreign built steamship trust to the subsidy at any time, and an appeal on behalf of having the trust fly the American flag will always be effective to this end; the dear people are so "patriotic."

This subsidy bill is asked for on behalf of American foreign trade, but it is admitted that American foreign trade, without the help of subsidy, has been expanding lately beyond all precedent at home and beyond all parallel among other nations. It is demanded on behalf of the American ship-building industry, but that industry is conceded in a most prosperous state and overwhelmed with work. It is demanded on the ground that ships for the foreign trade cannot be built in free competition with foreign shipyards because of our

higher wages; but it is known that American labor is so much more efficient than foreign labor as to overcome all difference; and as for material, America is already competing easily with the whole world in point of cheap production.

The bill is an infamous grab for those capitalist interests which have already looted every avenue upon the land and are now turning their attention to the sea.

Only the air will remain. Subsidized airships next, no doubt.

If this ship subsidy bill becomes a law it will be years before the people can shake off the parasites that will attach themselves to it. There are things enough of the same character sucking the blood of the people now. Is it another case of "after us, the deluge?"



American Shipbuilding

The grotesque transparency of the plea that the ship-subsidy bill is necessary to "encourage" American ship-building, fairly flies in the face of anyone who is interested enough in public affairs to attempt to verify the claims of our "representatives." The shipyards at Bath, Maine, worked overtime all last year; and now comes Mr. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Steamship company, calling attention to the fact that his company has two of the biggest vessels ever floated under construction in a Connecticut shipyard. And they were given to an American contractor not at all to secure American registry, but because they could be built here at lower cost than anywhere else. The situation was thoroughly canvassed abroad as well as in the United States, and the result is, as Mr. Hill states in an interview in the New York Journal of Commerce, that "the steamers are being built at a lower cost than ships of equal material and showing equal skill in workmanship

and construction could have been secured for abroad." He further points out that American higher wages paid to railroad men are accompanied by a lower rate for transportation than prevails in any other country, and so higher wages in American shipyards may mean lower labor cost instead of higher. That American registry was not an object in having these ships built in the United States is shown by the fact that Mr. Hill's company, as he states, contemplates sailing the vessels under a foreign flag, preferably the German, for the reason that our laws are regarded as giving the ship owner too little control over the crew for vessels engaged in the transpacific trade.

Mr. Hill evidently believes one can get better service out of sailors, when one can hang them up by the thumbs and give them a good beating. But aside from these little pleasantries what becomes of the doleful plea for help by the shipping interests in the face of the facts disclosed by Mr. Hill? They certainly ought either to get Mr. Hill into the pool or prevail upon him to build his ships at night in a dark room and keep still about it.

If the great, stupid, American middle class really either knew or cared anything about its government which the capitalist newspapers are so fearful the socialists may overthrow, the mere hint of such a measure as the one now before Congress would retire all its political promoters to private life at the next general election. It is not necessary to tell the socialist that every law of this nature which gives vast fortunes of the people's money into the hands of non-producers must raise the price of everything he and his family consume. It would seem that men must have some kind of a philosophy to discern even the simplest relation between fiscal policies of government and economic realities; the ordinary person sees only "hard times" and "good times" and thinks perhaps they are due to the wind or the tides,

Who Pays For It All?

It is apparent, however, to the man who thinks at all that these vast sums which the American government is expending must come from somewhere;—someone is paying.

The combined cost of United States army and navy maintenance and increase during the four years preceding the war with Spain was \$328,362,242, and the same establishments during the following four years down to July 1 last cost the government \$842,193,149. This is a difference of nearly \$514,000,000, which fairly represents the cost of the Spanish and Philippine wars; and as the war and navy department expense in the past two years has been some \$397,400,000, compared with \$444,600,000 for the previous two fiscal years covering all phases of the Spanish war, the Philippine conquest may be said to have already proved to be the more costly war of the two.

We are continually fed on articles in the capitalist magazines and the capitalist press which argue the "profitableness" of "our conquest" of the Philippines. But what's the use of all this stuff? Is it consciously prepared to betray the thoughtless people? We have the actual statistics which belie it all.

A very short and simple sum in arithmetic makes all argument superfluous.

On an average we have kept an army out there of 50,000 men, which cost us precisely \$1,500 a year apiece for the past three years. That alone has cost us \$75,000,000 a year—\$225,000,000 for the three years.

The total value of our trade with the islands, imports and exports included, is a little over \$7,000,000 a year. If every dollar of it were clear profit, therefore, we have lost so far on the Philippines at least \$200,000,000.

That American capitalists may get \$7,000,000 worth of trade the American people are taxed \$200,000,000! A great investment, truly!

But this is far from all. Conquest

and exploitation abroad builds a bureaucracy at home. Parasites fasten like flies upon the departments of administration.

The register of federal officeholders just published contains 222,000 names and does not include the enlisted men of the army and navy. This represents a remarkable increase within two or three years, and almost entirely from the colonial venture growing out of the Spanish war. In the departments at Washington alone there are now 23,160 employees, against 19,446 two years ago.

Who is feeding this horde of parasites; who is feeding these 50,000 hired butchers in the Philippines?

The government cannot pay for their food and uniforms and transportation and weapons unless it can collect these vast sums from the people to do it with.

Who does the government collect it from?

What classes of the people pay it? Do the capitalists pay for it?

On a capitalization of \$100,000,000 the Standard Oil company has distributed to shareholders within three years \$129,000,000.

This year's dividends aggregate \$48 per share, or 48 per cent, which is equal to last year's division of profits. Previous to 1900 the largest division was 33 per cent—a rate recorded of both 1899 and 1897, 30 per cent being declared in 1898. The advance to 48 per cent is practically coincident with an advance in the price of kerosene oil to the people. The extortion is purely arbitrary and about as extravagant and cold-blooded as is to be found in monopoly records.

Capitalism never pays for a war; the people pay for it, and the capitalists reap the profits.

It is the American who has nothing to spare who has paid and is paying for the Philippine war, and who is to pay the ship-subsidy to Mr. Morgan and the other gentlemen who administer the government of the United States. The

money is taken from the pockets of the people in higher prices for the things they consume, without a corresponding increase in wages.

When the English government prepared to levy a direct tax of six per cent upon the English people, William Pitt declared it would precipitate a revolution; "but," he said, "there is a way by which you can tax the last rag from their backs and the last morsel of food out of their mouths, and the people will call it hard times."

It is a smooth game, and the American capitalists know how to play it.

The cost of living has risen steadily since the war with Spain, and must logically continue to rise until the parasite class begins to decline instead of increase as it has been increasing.

With butter, eggs, milk, potatoes, vegetables of nearly all kinds and fuel at the highest prices known in years, people possessed of small incomes must be having difficulty in making both ends meet. Only in rare cases, if at all, have wages increased in equal proportion. Dun's Review publishes its index number of commodity prices for March 1, showing an increase from \$99,576 on February 1 to \$101,593. This is the highest point reached in many years and is to be compared with the index number of \$72.455 as it stood at the bottom of the decline in prices which was reached in July of 1897. In other words, the breadstuffs, meats, dairy and garden products, other food products, clothing and necessities of life generally, which cost \$72.45 in 1897, now cost \$101.59. This represents an advance of 40 per cent in the cost of living and a corresponding depreciation of the dollar.

This, to anyone who is not blinded by the sophistries of capitalist literature, shows plainly enough who pays for it all.

When you earn a dollar, oh, school teacher, clerk, doctor, traveling man, factory girl or laborer with pick or

shovel, you give up forty cents of it to pay for killing somebody in the Philippines; or to line the pockets of those who are already rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Capitalism has only to assess enough of you forty cents on every dollar you earn, and to keep on doing it, gradually increasing the assessment, and you will be no longer able to refer in your blind arrogance to the "pauper" labor of Europe; you yourselves will be pauper labor; most of you are pauper labor now;—you have nothing in the world to call your own save your hand or brain.

You have to sell them for your bread.

The Suppression of "Anarchy"

It is naturally to be expected that as the senate prepares to pick the people's pockets it should at the same time prepare measures for the suppression of people who may undertake to expose its bald villiany. The "Anarchy bill" has passed the Senate. It now goes to the House for consideration.

The bill would have gone through the Senate as originally drafted had it not been for Senator Bacon of Georgia, who seems to have a streak of democracy still left in him. The sections 3 and 5 to which he objected were as follows:

Section 3. That any person who shall, within the limits of the United States or any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof, instigate, advise, or counsel the killing of the president or vice-president of the United States, or any officer thereof upon whom the powers and duties of the president may devolve under the constitution and laws, or shall conspire with any other person to accomplish the same, or who shall instigate, advise, or counsel the killing of the sovereign or chief magistrate of any foreign country, or shall conspire with any other person to accomplish the same, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding 20 years.

Section 5. That any person who shall, within the limits of the United States or any place subject to the jurisdiction

thereof, by spoken words or by written or printed words, uttered or published, threaten to kill or advise or instigate another to kill the president or vice-president of the United States, or any officer thereof upon whom the powers and duties of the office of president of the United States may devolve under the constitution and laws, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding 10 years.

The debate turned on the word "instigate." One capitalist newspaper after the assassination of the late President declared that Prof. Norton and Carl Schurz had by their criticisms of Mr. McKinley's public acts "instigated" Czolgosz's crime.

Regarding the sections 3 and 5 Mr. Bacon said:

"Is it possible that we can approve a bill which, in time of excitement, may be used to muzzle the press; to make any editor afraid to express his opinions as to one of these officials—because the bill is not limited to the president of the United States, but extends to every head of a department—to make him afraid to express his opinions, even though he may believe an officer has done wrong, or is corrupt in his office, for fear that if thereafter that officer should be killed by somebody, he could be arrested and carried before a court and tried upon the charge of having instigated the murder?"

Evidently Mr. Bacon made an impression, for Senator Vest finally made as a condition to his support of the bill the substitution of the words "aid, abet" for the dubious "instigate."

After that the bill went through all right.

One of the most dignified contributions to the debate was made by Senator Hawley of Connecticut, that stanch friend of law and order, who declared: "I have an utter abhorrence of anarchy and would give a thousand dollars to get a good shot at an anarchist."

Peace and brotherhood and respect for law cannot fail in a country which selects such gentle and conscientious gentlemen as Mr. Hawley to sit in the lofty seats of its national legislature.

And by the way what anarchist will the law deter from killing anybody?

All the men who have killed either public servants or public parasites in the last century have been men who were prepared to give their lives as the penalty.

Do gentle, loving, simple-minded persons like Mr. Hawley of Connecticut believe that when he is prepared to hang for the things he does a man will be frightened at the possibility of twenty years in prison?

Such funny, funny gentlemen!



The Passing of a Hero

He is not dead; he doth not sleep;
He hath awakened from the dream of life—

—Shelley's *Adonais*.

All day long they stood; all day long in the rain.

Bitter, bitter Chicago! As if, even in his death, she would scourge by her lowering clouds the men who dared to love him.

Oppression, Falsehood, Compromise, Cowardice, breathed more freely; for in the great north corridor of the Chicago Public Library John P. Altgeld, friend of the common people, lay upon his bier. The great rock against which the waves of Corruption in High Places had beaten so long in vain had crumbled into clay at last.

All day long they stood, in imperceptibly moving line; the common people; care-worn, toil-stained, wet to their thinly-covered skins, men and women and children together, waiting to look upon the dead face of the man who had borne their troubles in his heart,—a heart great enough to know, and to understand.

And as they turned away, in men and women alike,—shining, in some, through tears,—there was a look of dignity that was impressive, awful; as if by that one look his spirit had caressed them;

had raised them for the instant to the height of his own towering manhood.

*

The great bronze doors swung to their latches, as the hours crept on toward midnight.

Under the shaded lights, amid the dense perfume of the flowers,—tributes of the poor—the watchers whispered.

And now a man comes in, stained by travel. The watchers rise and greet him as one to whom much is due. In his face there is that look which comes only from high failure in the people's cause; kindness, benevolence,—patient power and iron will softened into human love.

He turns to the bier and gazes long and earnestly at the dead man's face. The watchers pass into the shadows of the great marble pillars; they leave the traveler with the dead, alone.

Long and earnestly he gazes. Six, eight, ten minutes pass, and still he stands in silent contemplation, as if to read the secret of that calm face.

Defeat is not written there; victory is written there,—the victory of failure; peace; the peace that passes understanding.

Who shall say what is passing in the traveler's mind?

He, too, has suffered; he, too, has been maligned and scoffed at; and he, too, has stood greatly against the tide of a senseless sea. Twice has the strength of a panting multitude borne him aloft toward the chair of the Chief Executive, and twice so far as men may see has the receding wave left him again upon the strand, shoulder to shoulder with the common men who love him. Contempt is failure's share.

And yet as now the dead man and the living are alone together, communing once more,—for the last time on earth—as they communed at the nation's crises; they seem enveloped by a Presence vibrant with the power of a Greater Knowledge; a Presence which would say: "Peace, peace, you have

not failed; your low ground shames their high! You are the stepping stones unto a social edifice that shall make gods of men. It is failures like yours by which alone the race of men may climb to higher levels. You have not failed; believe!"

Long, long the traveler gazed, long and earnestly upon the face of the man who lay so peacefully upon his bier; then buttoning his coat closely about his throat he moved silently to the great bronze door, swung it open, and passed out into the night.

*

Bitter, bitter Chicago!

The morning came and with it the March wind, bleak and raw and shuddering cold, chilling the very marrow.

Yet the great crowd surged.

No uniform was there; no glint of steel, no plume of military pomp. It was the burial of a man of peace.

Onward the long procession; no troop of horse; no glittering carriage wheels. Tramp, tramp of the people;—only that; beside the music of the marching band.

Governors there were; and judges there were, and greater men than these though but obscure, marching shoulder to shoulder in the biting wind, following the body to its resting place.

The great, gloomy palaces of the Lake Shore Drive,—the dwellings of the rich, frowned down upon the wind-swept mall; but never a marcher's step there came, nor strain from the marcher's band. Far to the west, past the dwellings of the poor, the great procession was moving; against the broken panes of the tenement windows were pressed the faces blanched with awe and wet with tears.

The people's friend was passing; passing to his grave.

No longer would the Auditorium ring with those mighty sentences which lifted up the hearts of the lowly;—that must be left to other voices now. No longer would they know that quiet hand

clasp; that halo-smile which lighted the sad face as it looked upon those who sought his consolation.

The people's friend was dead.

The bleak wind moaned through the leafless trees that bowed above his grave. All about it flowers were strewn. Those who bore the casket tread upon a carpet of roses.

At the pit's head stood the traveler of the night's contemplation, and another traveler;—and many other travelers thronged about. It was most bitter cold.

A word or two; a sigh or two, and a song; and the people turned back again to take their lives' tasks up.

Each was better, each was nobler and more kind, because this man had lived; because his inextinguishable spirit yet lives to animate and to sustain and to comfort those who in this night of industrial slavery and social darkness see the glory of the coming day.

"He never fought with hope to win—
No—it is finer when 'tis all in vain.
Laurel and rose were snatched away,
But one thing he took with him when
He crossed the threshold of God's house;
One thing, without wrinkle, without
spot—

His stainless soldier's crest."



Jimmie, the Weaver

Fitchburg, Mass., March 28.—The entire force of weavers in the Fitchburg worsted mills and the Beoli mills of the American Woolen company struck to-day in sympathy with the Rhode Island employees of the combine in the struggle against the two-loom system in that state.—Chicago Daily News.

Jimmie, the weaver, isn't a weaver; he is a sweeper.

Jimmie *used* to be a weaver, but now he sweeps out the factory and does odd jobs around;—jobs an old man can do. That's what they call him; "the old man." He is forty-five years old. All men in factory towns in New England are "old" when they are forty-five. As soon as they lose their nimbleness they

are cashiered; or the fining system drives them out. Men's fingers are less nimble than women's anyhow; particularly young girls'.

As Jimmie isn't under the strain of watching the looms for a break he is always ready to talk; particularly if he can get off in a corner with you, where the superintendent doesn't see him. Jimmie is faithful enough about the jobs he does; as faithful as you can expect an old man of forty-five to be; but he has been quaking at the thought of the superintendent for so many years; he has been afraid of losing his job for so long, that a furtive, hunted manner has become a sort of second nature to him, and he peers about between the looms as if he expected to be caught and kicked for something he knows he is perfectly innocent of.

You can't expect Jimmie to be a man when he has lived a cowering slave since he was thirteen.

That is not the way men are made.

"Look at that line," said Jimmie. He pointed over the high window ledge. It was nearly noon and a dozen men with "full dinner pails" were filing into the factory yard.

"Late, aren't they?" I said. He read my lips, and understood.

"Devil a bit," he screeched, above the roar of the looms. "On time! the whistle will blow in a minute."

The whistle blew and then he told me.

The men were bringing the dinners to their wives and daughters who worked at the looms. They were all old men; all of them over forty;—too old to work.

In the New England factory towns the women earn the living and the men wash and cook and look after the neighbors' children. While they are both young enough the mothers and fathers work in the factories together.

This is a fine thing for conjugal felicity; this working together of husband and wife. Of course they get no chance to speak to one another at the factory;

and there are so many things to do around "home" that they don't get much chance there either, until the supper dishes are washed up at eight or nine o'clock. Then,—if they are not tired, and the baby is asleep so they cannot get acquainted with it,—is when they have their conversations about art, and literature and the merits of the latest opera. As they are seldom tired, this is the pleasantest time of the day. The strain of watching the looms all day on their feet is removed and they thoroughly enjoy the relaxation.

Of course they cannot go about much. If they should be out two or three nights a week at the opera or concert it might impair their health.

Daylight comes quickly when you're out till twelve or one. Then, too, there's no one to leave the baby with. It has been tended all day by someone else.

When both mother and father, all winter long, go into the factory at day-break and don't come out of it till night-fall there are a few things about "home" to be done, both before they go, and after they return.

For example, there is the washing. By getting up before five o'clock—two or three hours before daylight—and working together by the light of a kerosene lamp, they can get that done. Then comes the ironing; they handle that the same way. The baby makes washing and ironing before daylight a pretty steady job.

Then there is breakfast, scanty enough; they have to hustle so. Seven o'clock comes so soon in the winter, and they can't afford to be docked; they run that risk all day.

Then there is the baby. If the baby had any sense it wouldn't expect attention from a mother who worked all day in the factory and had to do the cooking and dishwashing and marketing and sewing and washing and ironing before daylight and after dark. But babies *haven't* any sense. If they had they

might blow up the universe, or refuse to be born; but they haven't.

The mothers who work all the week in the factories for six or seven dollars pay some young girl (under thirteen)' or some old man (over forty) two or three dollars a week for looking after their babies.

The babies' idea of a mother is a man with a bottle of thin milk.

The mothers' net compensation for the week's work is three or four dollars and the pleasure of hearing their babies cry for someone else,—the one they are used to, and who feeds them. On Sunday, if the washing and sewing are caught up and the house doesn't need cleaning (No "nice" person can *bear* to see a workingman's house that is not clean!) perhaps the mother and father may have an hour or two to play with the baby, or get a breath of sun and air.

It is a great life, this life of a man and woman together, sharing their common tasks. They haven't, of course, much to occupy them except work, but they have plenty of that, and that is the only thing the weavers are afraid of losing.

At least Jimmie says so.

Why they should be afraid of losing work is a mystery. The "nice" people surely don't want to do it. But Jimmie says when work is slack "the kids goes hungry."

Doubtless they cannot save very much on six or seven dollars a week and the rent to pay.

As soon as the babies grow up and look large enough not to make their "age: thirteen" certificate a lie on its face, it will be easier; their wages will then eke out.

Jimmie says, "You always think good times is comin', but they always beats you somehow. When the kids grows up it don't seem to make no difference. The more comes in the more goes out, it seems like."

Now, the double-loom is the threatening monster.

Jimmie doesn't know much about cap-

italism, but you can't fool him about the double-loom. That is what the strike is about now. The man is fighting the machine.

The double-loom system was developed five years ago. It was born in the textile mills of Philadelphia; that's why people have been so slow in hearing about it.

In Philadelphia the double-loom system is employed in the weaving of all woollens, except the heaviest fabrics and those most difficult to weave. In the light fabrics for summer wear one weaver frequently operates four looms. The Philadelphia weaver receives no greater pay now for the operation of four looms than was received five years ago for the operation of one. The pay of many weavers is less than \$8 a week. Women are preferred as weavers in many mills, because of their expertness and "tractability." It is easier to bluff and brow-beat them.

Even if extra compensation were allowed, the double-loom system would be murderous.

"Look," said Jimmie, at the top of his voice after the nooning was over and the crashing had begun again, "you wouldn't think that they was doin' *anything*, would you?"

Here the girls had but one loom. They could look after their neighbor's for a few minutes if brief absence were necessary. They stood about, quiet, unmoved, reposeful, in the deafening din.

I looked at the nearest girl. Her face was pale and she was as reposeful as the others; but her repose, as that of the others, was the repose of nervous tension. Her eyes, apparently roving, were keenly alert, and her ears were acock for the slightest noise which would indicate a break, or a float or other fault in the swiftly running threads. Even as I looked, she sprang like a cat to her loom, her nimble fingers flew for an instant so rapidly my eyes could not follow them, and then she re-

lapsed quietly into the old attitude of repose.

"The nervous strain of this work is devilish!" I hissed into Jimmie's ear; and I thought of the "nice" people running about the city shops and buying the lives of these girls in their bargains of dimities, challies, batistes, mulles and organdies.

"I bet you," grinned Jimmie, roaring and screeching alternately, "but s'pose they was tendin' three or four o' 'em! That 'ud lay 'em out in a few years. Then they'd have to have their hands and eyes in several places at onct. They gets docked if they spoils a piece;—it's took out o' their wages. That's why I quit runnin' a loom. My fines was so big I owed the company money every pay day. If I'd a' bin runnin' more'n one loom I'd be owin' 'em money yet."

Jimmie laughed a loud, mirthless laugh above the crash of the machinery,—*"the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."*

The double-loom system originated with the weavers themselves. When a weaver was not at work, the one whose loom was next in line asked to be allowed to run the two looms. This request was frequently granted, and the operative made double wages. Mill owners, observing that one weaver could, in an emergency, do what until then was considered the work of two, made it a rule that two looms should be run, instead of one. This aroused a storm of protest at the time, but it has since been generally enforced in Philadelphia.

Now the American Woolen company wants the double-loom system in Rhode Island. A single-loom system cannot compete with a double-loom system.

When one factory grinds up more human life than another factory, competition does the rest.

"The rest o' 'em has got to come to it," says Jimmie.

Jimmie lives in one of the company's houses built all in a row. There are no

fences and no gardens. The grass is trampled flat.

"Do they make you live there—in their houses?"

Jimmie cocked an eye and looked about; then he came close up to me. "No, they don't *say* nothin' about it; but when they has to let a feller go, its generally the feller that lives in the houses the company don't own. I lives in a company house. I got one boy and two girls here in the factory and I don't take no chances."

"What a *splendid* encouragement for the workers to own their own homes!" I thought.

If a whole family, like Jimmie's, works and saves and buys a little hut for their own, it is used against them. They'll work cheaper before they'll leave it;—and workmen's houses are built by the company to rent for profit, not to stand empty at a loss.

Jimmie is a regular politician.

He does not wait for a house to fall on him before he catches on; that is certain.

He evidently hates to be everlasting-ly under the eye of the company;—he would at least like to shake off the incubus in his home life and have another landlord, but he has been crushed too long; his manhood has long since dwindled into mere transparent craft.

Jimmie is a product of the system.

Competition to make goods at a profit made Jimmie; and it is making his children on the same model. It is a wonderful system for preserving and dignifying human life. Jimmie's children's children are not yet in the mills; they look under "age: thirteen."

The dear, good people of the Consumers' League say at great length in the newspapers that "childhood shall be sacredly preserved for the playground, the school-room, and the home."

"The home;" that is very touching!

A home which, instead of a mother and a father, has a tired man and woman who go away at daylight and re-

turn after dark; that is a home to "sacredly preserve," *isn't* it?

A life that is a funeral procession from the cradle to the grave; that's lovely, *isn't* it?

But they're making so much money; the greedy things!

In 1875 or thereabouts they made fifty to sixty dollars a month running one loom. Now they have to run three or four looms and drop out; nervous wrecks, at forty-five,—to earn thirty to thirty-five dollars.

These nasty strikers! Are they *never* satisfied? Do they expect to live as people live who have an "independent income"?

This is the greatest nation in the world. Last year "we" produced \$2,000,000,000 worth of goods more than "we" could consume. Mr. Depew said so.

"Do you think you could consume an extra shirt, Jimmie, out of the \$2,000,000,000, if you had wages enough to buy it?"

But Jimmie shook his head; he doesn't understand politics; and he has learned by a long and successful career that if you expect to keep your job there is only one way to vote.

Jimmie never takes any chances.



The Weavers

(From the German of Adolph Schults, by J. L. Joynes)

The weavers' lives are full of woe—

But what's the cause that makes them so?

'Tis but too evident to all,

On them alone the blame must fall.

Its truth the ancient proverb keeps,

That what a man has sown he reaps.

Instead of grumbling they should weave;

Less cause would then be theirs to grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—

But what's the cause that makes them so?

Their love of show we must condemn;

Fine clothes are not the thing for them.

What can they want with cloth? A
smock

Is fittest for a weaver's frock.

Instead of swaggering they should
weave;

Less cause would then be their's to
grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—
But what's the cause that makes them
so?

Why must they beer and meat require?

They ought to curb such ill desire.

'Tis said that simply salt and bread

Will make the cheeks a healthy red.

Instead of guzzling they should weave;

Less cause would then be their's to
grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—
But what's the cause that makes them
so?

Their Saturdays come all too soon,
When work is thrown aside at noon:

O'erjoyed at once they haste away

To spend their long half-holiday.

Instead of idling they should weave;
Less cause would then be their's to
grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—
But what's the cause that makes them
so?

'Tis morning work that wins the wealth,
Men find in early rising health.

Much earlier, then, they ought to rise,

And ope at four a. m. their eyes.

Instead of snoring they should weave;

Less cause would then be their's to
grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—
But what's the cause that makes them
so?

We'll make another slight request—

Four hours are quite enough for rest;

What mean the lazy rascals, then,

By sneaking off to bed at ten?

'Till twelve o'clock they ought to
weave;

Less cause would then be their's to
grieve.



The Street Singer

BY JOHN SPARGO

Out in the wind and the rain,
Weakened by hunger and pain;

Singing a sad, low refrain —

Pity the child!

On, on, in the blinding snow,

Trudges this frail child of woe,

Fainter her song now, and slow —

Rescue the child!

Her singing, still tender and sweet, —

Lost in the noise of the street;

She falls 'neath the horses' feet —

Bury the child!

To the popular air of "He Laid Away His Suit of Gray, to Wear the Union Blue."

The Union Blue

A SONG

BY PROF. JOHN WARD STIMSON

A workman brave,
No robber knave,
He toiled from morn till eve';
He loved his land,
He lent a hand,
Nor could men him deceive.

They sought his vote
A "trust" to float,
As by their bribes it grew.
He would not sell
His soul to hell—
His eye was clear and blue.

CHORUS

Away! Away! ye beasts of prey!
I will not thief with you.
Away! Away! ye beasts of prey!
I'll wear the "The Union" blue.

They locked him out
With mocking shout
And tried to starve his home.
With mean tricks small—
Black list and all—
They drove him forth to roam.

He would not flinch
Nor yield an inch,
But steeled him to endure.
He, like a rock,
Stood for his flock
Because his hands were *pure*.

CHORUS

Away! Away! ye beasts of prey!
I will not thief with you.
Away! Away! ye beasts of prey!
I'll wear "The Union" blue.

For many a year
Through many a tear,
He fought for me and you.
For *Freedom's* flag
O'er slavery's rag—
Because his heart was true.

Toil worn and wan
He wandered on
Until he died at last.
A hero brave—
But no man's slave!
To God's bright home he passed.

FINAL CHORUS

They laid away his workman's gray
His tools, so old and few,
They laid away his head grown gray
To wear the Heavenly Blue!

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

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Franklin St. Whitworth

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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VOL. I

E D I T O R I A L

I saw that corpses might be multiplied, as on the field of battle, till they no longer affected us in any degree as exceptions to the common lot of humanity. If I had found one body cast upon the beach in some lonely place it would have affected me more.

— H. D. THOREAU: *The Shipwreck*.

IT is a singular thing that the great majority of people are quite unable to contemplate things in their proportion. It is only the individual who either excites sympathy or calls down anathema.

If a man steals a loaf of bread he is promptly and summarily imprisoned: if he steals a railroad the people meet him at the station with a band and flying colors.

You can be a scoundrel if you will only be a big scoundrel — and succeed at it.

There is something about mere bigness which oppresses the imagination and distorts the basis of judgment.

Great truths are elusive; this is why they are so easily obscured.

If a man kills another with a pistol the world is horrified and puts the murderer to death; if he kills ten thousand with a piece of parchment he is hailed as a financier and becomes the patron of a church.

Imagination is an exceptional quality.

Most of us have only senses and passions; objective things, only, impress us,—and even these must be unique or unusual.

We are as indifferent to the crimes of a system of which we are a part, as we are to the glories and wonders of a familiar universe.

We look at the sunshine unmoved; but let there be an eclipse and we run hither and thither with smoked glass as if there were something important toward. Yet to the imagination the sunshine is more wonderful than the passing of two bodies in space.

Discontent is called the mother of progress, but progress does not spring from discontent; mere reaction springs from discontent. Discontent serves only as the sombre background upon which the imagination flashes its ideal.

Progress comes through illumination: the imagination is the real lever of advance.

Jules Verne paints a ship swinging down amid the quiet foliage of the deep sea. Then comes the inventor—the mechanic lit by Jules Verne's flame,—and the *Nautilus* becomes a sub-marine reality. Again, he sees in his mind's eye a moon-voyage; and Santos-Dumont sails round the Eiffel tower. The imagination speaks the doom word of effete civilization when it lifts into view the vision of the better day.

We will never realize a better order of society until our imagination is kindled by the vision of it.

"Let well enough alone"; that is the creed of the unimaginative, and he it is whose dull, deadening incubus has made the world's tyranny of such long life. It is he who, when his front door is closed, believes that the whole world is warm; it is he who, when his own trencher is full of meat, can see no vision of a hungry man.

With what grace or satisfaction might a dinner party of the smart set eat its terrapin and its truffles at the Waldorf while a row of hungry men and women from the East side stood with gaunt looks ranged along the wall?

Just what emotions would an analysis of their feelings disclose?

But what matters it if the row of hungry ones be inside or outside, so long as they be anywhere?

Ah! *outside* they cannot be a rebuke to the senses or passions: the eye cannot reach them there and the dull mind sees them not. When the hungry ones are not there; when they are back in their East side kennels and there is only the decorated wall of the banquet room where loomed the accusing spectres, then he with the imagination alone can see them. He with the imagination sees the spectres still, shamming him from the sheen of the shaded lights, and his food dries in his throat and chokes him.

The imagination; torch of celestial fire!

If you have it at the flood you must become an artist;—or you must become the only other alternative — a revolutionist.

If your intellect outweighs your heart you may become a painter, or a poet, or a musician; but if your greatness of mind is at equipoise with your greatness of heart and your imagination is at the flood; then you will do naught but illumine the future for the people.

Mazzini was an artist soul, a poet and a musician; but his great heart drew him away from those esthetic, beautiful, selfish avenues of creation. He could not write music while his fellows were breaking on the wheel of tyranny, so he turned the strong flame of his great manhood to sear away the hideous institutions which manacled Italy on her knees in darkness.

One man, strive how he may, can hope in his life to do but little. Judged by the things he does, it is but a petty strife, late begun and ended all too soon.

But he who treasures this divinest spark, imagination; this greatest gift of the gods; who fans it into the flame it ought to be, can fire the torch in the souls of other men, turning their lives into radiance as a sulphur match may start a forest fire.

Thus the divinest thing in us lives on in other lives, in ever-widening circles ever producing its kind; ever moving the race onward; onward and upward; upward toward the peaks, and toward the Great Silence.

"Beginnings are alike: it is the ends which differ.
One drop falls, lasts, and dries up—but a drop;
Another begins a river: and one thought
Settles a life, an immortality."

The Pioneer

(PARACELSUS)

'Tis in the advance of individual minds
That the slow crowd should ground their expectation
Eventually to follow; as the sea
Waits ages in its bed till some one wave
Out of the multitudinous mass, extends
The empire of the whole, some feet, perhaps,
Over the strip of sand which could confine
Its fellows so long time: thenceforth the rest,
Even to the meanest, hurry in at once,
And so much is clear gained.

Better than Good and Evil

By George D. Herron

Are you good and am I evil?
Are you evil and am I good?
So the masters say;
And for this they make for themselves priests and judges—
To separate us into good and evil,
That we may not find the mighty secret of fellowship;
Thus the masters preserve their thrones,
And us their slaves;
But if fellowship should escape,
And grow to be our law and leader,
There would then be neither good nor evil,
Nor priests nor judges,
Nor masters;
There would be only men, and life;
We should all be equals,
Judging not nor being judged,
Each to the other a comrade-pledge of freedom;
And, behold! the secret of all worship is exposed,
That which our untaught and stumbling souls have
 sought for in the gods is found,
The gates of life are open,
The secret of the universe is given up,
And we hold omnipotence in our hands!

The Dignity of a Judge's Gown

BY JOHN P. ALTGELD

In 1891 while Mr. Altgeld was on the bench, the editor of the CHICAGO GLOBE asked the Cook County judges for an opinion on this subject. Judge Altgeld's opinion is here re-printed.

No man ever added a cubit to his stature by dress.

No robe ever enlarged a man's brain, ripened his wisdom, cleared his judgment, strengthened his purpose, or fortified his honesty.

If he is a little man without a robe, he is contemptible in a robe.

If a man is large without a robe, he is simply ludicrous in one.

A robe used as an insignia of office is a relic of barbarism, a relic of the age when tinsel, glitter and flummery were thought to be necessary to overawe the common people.

And the robe can now perform no other function than that of humbugging the people.

A court which is worthy of the name, needs no such flimsy and ridiculous assistance in order to command the confidence and respect of the community, and a court which cannot command the respect and the confidence of the people without resorting to shams of this kind, is incapable of doing any good, is incapable of protecting the weak from being trampled down by the strong, and should be wiped out of existence.

This age and the American people do not want mediaeval shams. They want light; daylight, electric light, sunlight. They want realities; they want charac-

ter; they want learning; they want good judgment; they want independence, and they want these free from both barbaric and aristocratic subterfuges. It is only weak minds that lean upon this kind of bolstering.

Our age is superior to the middle ages only in so far as it has progressed beyond sham and formalism, lofty pomp and hollow and dull dignity, and asks now to be shown things just as they are.

A free people is opposed to pretense and humbug, no matter whether found in high stations or low.

If the American people ever reach a point where they must put robes upon their judges or any other officers in order to have the highest respect for them, then republican institutions will be at an end in this country; for men who can be inspired by a gown are but little removed from those who can draw inspiration from a wooden god, and neither are fit either to enjoy or to defend true political liberty.

The strong, masculine and liberty-loving element of the bar does not favor these handmaids of fraud in a temple of justice. It is the frowning and the hanging-on element, the element which flatters and seeks a rear door entrance to the judge, that favors them.

Instead of adding dignity to a court it exposes its weakness; for every time a judge puts on a gown he confesses that he needs this extraneous help; he confesses that he must resort to humbug in order to make an impression.

In the past gowns have not prevented judicial murders, nor wrongs and

outrages whose infamy reaches as low as hell.

So long as we tolerate in this country any tribunals that find it necessary to wear this insignia of mediæval conditions, just so long must we confess that we have reached a high state of neither moral nor intellectual development.



WILLIAM H. TAFT
The First Civil Governor of the Philippines

Judge Taft in his robe makes a very imposing figure—to those who can be imposed upon.



Thinking and Obeying

BY ERNEST CROSBY

"Captain, what do you think," I asked,
 "Of the part your soldiers play?"
The captain answered, "I do not think,
 I do not think; I obey"

"Do you think you should shoot a patriot down
 And help a tyrant slay?"
The captain answered, "I do not think,
 I do not think; I obey."

"Do you think that your conscience was meant to die,
 And your brains to rot away?"
The captain answered, "I do not think,
 I do not think; I obey."

"Then, if *this* is your soldier's code," I cried,
 "You're a mean, unmanly crew;
And, with all your feathers and gilt and braid,
 I am more of a man than you.

"For whatever my lot on earth may be,
 And whether I swim or sink,
I can say with pride, 'I do *not* obey,
 I do *not* obey, *I think!*'"



Ernest Crosby and His Book*



BY MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH



ERNEST CROSBY

"Captain Jinks, Hero." This is the well-chosen title of Ernest Crosby's first novel, a brilliant satire on the military history of the United States since the outbreak of the Spanish war.

The book will be hailed with delight by all radicals,—socialists, anti-imperialists and men and women who love peace, abhor war and reverence life. It will give those who feel intensely the world's wrongs a chance to forget the strain of revolution and indulge in an hour of laughter and fun. "Captain Jinks" does give one such a thoroughly good time! There is not a dull moment in the reading; it sparkles from beginning to end with keenest wit and most scathing sarcasm.

It is wholesome to drop for awhile the serious, passionate, suffering way of looking at injustice and get another point of view through the sense of humor and spirit of ridicule. "Captain Jinks" gives us this other point of view.

Yet while one laughs on reading this

book, one never quite forgets Mr. Crosby sitting somewhere in the shadows in grim deadly earnest, marshalling the events of his story with unflagging energy and indomitable purpose. Indeed, one marvels how he can be so terribly grim and yet so amusing! But this is the very reason his satire is successful,—the fine balance between absurdities and horrors, comedy dancing in front and tragedy lurking behind, the power to make you shudder and laugh in the same breath, is splendidly kept throughout. One is conscious, too, that Mr. Crosby fairly revels in the endless amount of facts he can array to prove his faith that militarism is savagery; that war covers all the crimes known to civilization,—murder, adultery, burglary, arson, lying and theft,—that the word "patriotism" is used to conceal the nefarious schemes of the exploiting classes, and that to be a perfect soldier a man must abdicate reason, conscience and every human attribute.

We have long been waiting for some one to write just this kind of a story, and too much gratitude cannot be accorded Mr. Crosby for his really great achievement. What Mark Twain has done in exposing the absurdities of feudal warfare, Ernest Crosby now does for modern militarism. The conception of "Captain Jinks, Hero," came about as follows: in January, 1901, Mr. Crosby lectured at Tremont Temple, Boston, on the "Absurdities of Militarism." He closed the address by expressing the hope that Mark Twain or some other humorist would write up the ridiculous features of military life. Two gentlemen who were present, Erving Winslow and Dr. Lewis Janes, came up separ-

*CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO. By Ernest Crosby. Twenty-five illustrations by Dan Beard. 12mo, cloth, ornamental cover. Price \$1.50. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

ately at the close of the meeting and urged the lecturer to write such a book himself. Mr. Crosby accepted the suggestion, and in six weeks finished the novel.

There are many war heroes in fiction and now "Captain Jinks" comes to join their ranks; but he is different from his fellows, though just as good and wearing as many laurels. The difference is this: in the analysis of his mental make-up we are shown the psychological conditions necessary to the production of a "hero." The first requisite is the spirit of obedience; upon this is the satire founded and followed to its *reductio ad absurdum*. So the keynote to the character of Sam Jinks is deep respect for authority and love of perfect discipline. These qualities are early turned into enthusiasm for the military life by a birthday gift of toy soldiers and by drilling in the Sunday school boys' brigade, which experience is logically followed by a rigid course of "being hazed" at East Point. Then comes active service in the Cubapines and Porslania and the winning of fame,—the crowning pinnacle of which is reached by his capture of Gumaldo. Through his devotion to his ideal, the wish to be a perfect soldier, to be absolutely obedient to his superior officer even to the killing of his sweetheart if so ordered, he gradually sacrifices all that makes a man really a *man*,—heart, sense, conscience and even reason at last. He places all these human attributes in the maw of a huge, murderous machine, the army, and at the end sitting in the asylum and maneuvering with the lead soldiers of his boyhood he says to a friend,

"I'm a perfect soldier now! I can do anything with my men here, and I will obey any order I receive. I don't care what it is. They say I'm a lunatic; I know they do—but I'm not. When they say I'm a lunatic they mean I'm a perfect soldier—a complete soldier. And they call those fine fellows lead soldiers! Lunatics and lead soldiers, indeed! Well, suppose we are! I tell you, an army of lead soldiers with a lunatic

at the head would be the best army in the world. We do what we're told and we're not afraid of anything."

This is the close of a career which might have been happy and useful had it not been for the planting of the terrible war-seed in the time of youth by thoughtless but well-meaning parents. It is a painfully true picture of the way the mother and father, the school and the church combine to teach children it is a fine thing to be a soldier and wear feathers! Toy soldiers and boys' brigades—how little we stop to think of their sinister influence upon the spiritual nature of the child and his future manhood! Why are children not taught the ethical significance of war? Why are they not taught to be humane and to love their fellow-creatures?

Every phase of militarism is exposed in this satire. Here is a hint of the exploitation that goes on under pretext of carrying civilization to a benighted race:

Mr. Jonas, a trust organizer, is thus described:

"He is the greatest fellow I ever saw. Everything he touches turns to gold. He's got his grip on everything in sight on those blessed islands already. He's scarcely started and he could sell out his interest there for a cold million today. It's going to be a big company to grab everything. He's called it the 'Benevolent Assimilation Company, Limited'; rather a good name, I think, tho perhaps 'Unlimited' would be nearer the truth."

Yellow journalism in league with the trusts is shown by a conversation between the editor of the "Daily Lyre" and Mr. Jonas:

"And how is the beer business going?
* * * One hundred more saloons in Havilla than there were at this time last year! Can that be possible?"

"Yes, and I'm behind 58 of them. The agent I sent out ahead is a jewel," said Mr. Jonas. "Have you been up at the Bible Society?"

"Yes, and I've got terms on a hundred thousand Testaments in Castalian and the native languages * * *"

"I suppose it's too early to do any-

thing about concessions for trolleys and gas and electric lighting plants."

The Shlewey and Hercules controversy, the missionary activities of Dr. Amen, the hypocrisies of savage "civilized" people wishing to civilize "savages," a song with a refrain of "blood and gore, blood and gore" by Bludyard Stripling, and various fireside conversations that have a strangely familiar sound, are all treated in a wonderfully vigorous and amusing way.

General Funston could be prevailed upon to read it and catch hints of himself here and there he would probably declare in his characteristic brutal way that "Crosby should be hanged"; and if President Roosevelt looked it over and should encounter the author he would very likely administer a severe reprimand for his daring to be so unpatriotic as to hold "the military" up to ridicule; and if any of the missionaries should meet Crosby—words utterly fail! He



A BLOOD BROTHERHOOD

The Benevolent Assimilation Company, Limited

(From *Captain Jinks, Hero*)

The cartoons by Dan Beard which illustrate the story are masterpieces.

Mr. Crosby deals with things in his customary plain-spoken way, and besides delighting the initiated and opening a few people's eyes, the book may make some trouble. For instance, if

certainly does not deal gently with the missionaries.

Ernest Crosby is one of our most valued and effective workers for the new social order. He does not make as meteoric a showing as some other people, but he keeps pegging right along, ham-

mering with quiet, indomitable faithfulness at the same things, unalterably opposed to war and persistently awakening higher ideals of usefulness and social justice. He is always in sight,—now in this magazine and now in that, giving his strong, helpful word on all public questions and measures which make for greater freedom and a wider reverence for life. One of the best contributions to the new democratic literature we have had is his volume of Whitmanesque verse entitled "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable."

The story of his life and "conversion" is most interesting. He comes of an old aristocratic New York family and was educated for the law at Columbia College. After graduation he went into local politics and won what an aristocrat would call distinction. In keeping with this part of his life, he was chosen a major in the State National Guard and made inspector of rifle practice.

It may be said that he has two spiritual fathers, Leo Tolstoy and Henry George. It was while in Egypt, serving as judge of the court of first instance in

1889, that he came under the influence of Tolstoy's ideas of non-resistance and social justice. The effect was immediate and complete. He had from that hour a new outlook on life,—it was a spiritual revelation. Like the sincere, dauntless spirit he is, he resigned his office, gave up his law work and returned to America to take up the people's cause and to join in the struggle for social equality. He was criticised severely for this action,—for voluntarily stepping out of the path of worldly success and fame; but the religion of non-resistance which he truly believed applicable to life in daily affairs admitted of no other course.

And now he is known as the American advocate of peace. Is there a greater honor?

Not the least of his eloquent pleas for peace is this new satirical novel, "Captain Jinks, Hero," a book destined to stand as a companion piece to Mark Twain's "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Every one should read it.

As We Were Saying

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

The American people are so great and powerful that they can't get along without little children working to produce the necessities of life.



Current book advertisements would indicate that either all modern authors are great writers or all modern publishers are great liars.



Those who see perfection in the profit system should not be shocked at the vileness of its progeny.

The capitalists will submit to publicity so long as the public submits to the capitalists.



It is logical that those who base their defence of competition upon the theory of the survival of the fittest are often the least fit to survive.



The manufactured craze for historical fiction promotes distraction from the horror of existing facts.



The worst thing that can be said about capitalism is that under it Love is reduced to a business transaction—and merchandised affections are invariably shoddy.



Isn't there something wrong when so many royalist weeds can flourish in a republican garden?



It doesn't require a very large heaven to hold the soul that seeks salvation through the slot of a collection box.



The Socialist can derive some consolation from the knowledge that the faster time flies the faster dies Capitalism.




When capitalists cry "peace," prepare for war.




Some Americans act as if they never would forgive their ancestors for being foreigners.



When a nation's loftiest ideal is expressed in a cry for "more markets," Socialism is needed to save its soul from impending damnation.



Field Notes



The work of organization in Massachusetts is proceeding most satisfactorily. During the month Maily visited Brockton, Lynn, Charlestown, Worcester, Somerville, Norwood and Walpole, returning to Walpole on the 23d to complete the organization of a new club. The Commune celebration in America Hall, Boston, on the 18th, all the details of which Maily arranged, was a most unqualified success. John Spargo writes: "I was not in the best of condition at Boston, the weakness of my recent illness being still on me, and I hope they made allowance for that. On the whole, though, it was a great meeting and bore eloquent testimony to Maily's work there. I think, considering the character of the audience, the intelligence and sympathy manifested, it was the best I have seen in "the States" at all. I am sure Maily is doing yeoman service for the cause in Massachusetts."

Of the same event Maily writes: "Spargo's lecture on the Commune was splendid and reflected great credit on the Fellowship. Although he was evidently not recovered from his illness, he acquitted himself manfully and all the Boston comrades were well pleased. The hall was completely filled with an attentive and deeply interested audience, and so I was satisfied."

These letters indicate that there is at least no lack of harmony in the Fellowship, no matter how much revolution it may be stirring up outside.

Beside Maily's work of organization, his weekly letters to the socialist press, and his constant service as acting secretary of the state organization he has been working jointly with Carey and

Mac Cartney, the Socialist representatives in the Massachusetts legislature, in aiding such legislation as they may advocate.

On the 17th he attended a special hearing given by the legislative Committee on Labor to Rep. Carey's bill to legalize picketing during strikes, and was invited to speak in its favor. During the big strike of transportation workers he attended several meetings of the striking workmen with Carey and Mac Cartney and spoke at one of them. No surer indication of the turning of organized labor to Socialism could be manifested than the demand for the aid and advice of the Socialist Representatives while the struggle lasted.

Maily reports that the State Committee has voted to urge Socialist clubs in Massachusetts to celebrate International Labor Day May 1, by holding mass meetings wherever possible. This is the holiday universally celebrated by Socialists throughout the world.

*

John Spargo, beside his visit to Boston, and his constant service as editor of *THE COMRADE*, has put in a busy month. On the 30th he concluded the third series of lectures at Happy Days Hall; Morris Hillquits' on the History of Socialism; and Algernon Lee's on the Dynamics of Socialism having preceded his. He hurried back from Boston on the 19th to make a Commune speech in New York. His speech at Paterson, New Jersey, was abandoned because of his physical condition. He is urged to make up a class of twenty students for a course of lessons in Socialism and if his

health will permit this additional service will be undertaken.

Spargo's lecture: "Our Position: Economic, Ethical and Political," has been published in pamphlet form by the Comrade Publishing Company under the caption "Where We Stand." It is a work of art typographically and a very able and convincing statement of the Socialist position. It would seem to be an especially valuable pamphlet to place in the hands of those who are beginning to think.

It may be had for five cents, post-paid, by addressing the Comrade Publishing Co., 11 Cooper Square, New York. *

Franklin Wentworth enjoyed a short trip through Indiana at the close of the month; speaking Friday, the 28th, at Terre Haute, where an interesting street railway strike is in progress.

On Saturday night he made the commencement speech at the Maple Grove High School graduating exercises to an audience of 600 country people, attacking conventional standards of success and indicating the beauty of the Socialist ideal. Many of those who attended were so taken by the new outlook upon life that they drove to the adjoining village of Milton the next day, where Wentworth spoke in the afternoon in the Methodist Church. This was the first Socialist speech ever made in the township and the response of the people to the ideas presented was salutary. The following evening Wentworth spoke at Marion, where an active city campaign is in progress, returning to Chicago by the night train to address the striking artisans of the Commercial Artists' Union on Tuesday, April 1. *

William H. Wise has returned from California and is at his home in Longwood. He reports great successes for the Wilson brothers in their work on the Coast. They have associated with them Reverend Carl D. Thompson, formerly of Elgin, and Reverend Robert M.

Webster. As the organ of their work they have resumed the publication of the Social Crusader at 531 Byrne building, Los Angeles. James T. Van Rensselaer is the editor. The first issue, February, contains cuts of the Crusaders, and reprints matter which appeared in the publication while published at Chicago, together with an interesting record of their achievements on the Coast. Reverend J. Stitt Wilson is speaking to large audiences on Sundays in Los Angeles; in the morning he preaches on religious topics and in the evening he talks on Socialism. Mr. Wise's future plans are not yet formulated, but it is likely he may settle in Colorado as his permanent field of work.

The attack on the Socialist party by Bishop Quigley, the Catholic prelate of Buffalo, N. Y., called forth a remarkably interesting meeting of Socialists in that city on March 16. Frank Sieverman of Rochester addressed the meeting in forceful and well-chosen words, maintaining that the Socialist party treats religion as distinctly a matter of private judgment, makes no discrimination on grounds of religious belief, and has nothing to do with the church, so long as the church keeps to its business of teaching religion.

The bishop was so impressed by the magnitude of the promised demonstration that he sent one of his priests to defend his intemperate denunciations.

The priest, Father Heiter, repeated the bishop's denunciations and argued that they must be true because the bishop said so.

The affair has aroused more interest in Socialism among the workingmen of Buffalo and the vicinity than has ever before been felt there, and is certainly having an excellent local effect upon the movement.

A Catholic opinion on the matter is interesting. Father McGrady of Bellevue, Kentucky, writes:

"I regard the Buffalo episode as an

advertisement for Socialism. The Catholics who were at that meeting will precipitate a discussion of Socialism in the unions and indirectly advance the cause. We are only anxious to present our side of the question and the attacks of our enemies will give us an opportunity. The comrades must be careful to keep their speeches and writings entirely free from objections of a religious or moral character, and we will force the capitalists to meet our arguments. * The time is not far distant when Catholics will do their own thinking, and the age is already dawning when the star of Socialism will guide the footsteps of the toiling hosts to the temple of victory, where every child of our race will be crowned with the diadem of freedom."

*

In his recently published pamphlet "The Clerical Capitalist," Father McGrady states on authority of the "Catholic Telegraph," that Bishop Messmer, the prelate who warned the Socialists against going to McGrady's meeting at Green Bay, Wis., said last December in a meeting of priests: "The labor unions are all based on the principle of Socialism. What, then, are Catholic workingmen to do? The day is fast coming when the question whether they may consistently join labor unions will have to be answered in the negative." Father McGrady's comment is: "In that day the Catholic Church will lose the workingmen. The unions are the grammar schools of Socialism, and within the next ten years every intelligent laborer in the land will join the host of toilers for industrial emancipation; and the church that opposes the mighty movement will sit in sorrow and desolation amidst the ruins of plutocracy."

Father McGrady seems either to be laying up trouble for himself,—or for the church.

*

Among the New York women who have taken the platform for Socialism and who are rapidly demonstrating by their ability the Socialist belief that men and women have equal ability in all

directions;—ability being an individual and not a sex distinction—are Mrs. Alexander Fraser and Mrs. James W. Finch. In view of the great strides which our sister comrades all over the country are making toward our common freedom, the following despatch from Germany is uniquely interesting:

Berlin, March 27.—American women opposed to female suffrage have dropped a bomb into the camp of the German woman suffragists by carrying their campaign into the kaiser's realm. They have begun operations through the German press and will soon address themselves to individual members of the reichstag. The campaign is under the direction of Caroline Fairfield Corbin of Chicago, president of the Illinois Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women. Mrs. Corbin states that the work will be gradually extended to England, France, Austria and Belgium.

Following immediately, as it does, the encouragement Count von Bulow, the German chancellor, has given the German women's progressive movement, this interference of their American sisters is regarded as untimely and pernicious. Such leaders as Minna Cauer, Anita Augsburg and Helene Stoecker hold that it does not become countrywomen of Susan Anthony and Frances Willard to oppose the aspirations of the women of Germany, who, as is well known, have been bitterly opposed in their fight for recognition.

Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin of Chicago has meetings in her Dearborn avenue home,—when she is not gadding abroad,—in which she and other silly ones of her sex deplore the fact that politics and the desire to vote are breaking up the homes and taking women away from their household duties. So Carrie has gone into politics to prevent other women going into politics; and trots about the globe with money she has not earned trying to stifle the aspirations of her sex for liberty. It would be melancholy;—this evidence that the only organized opposition to the women who are striving to compel their recognition as human beings comes from their

own sex,—did such organized efforts excite any other feeling in the minds of men than those of contempt and disgust. A photograph of Carrie's brain would be interesting. It must echo: perfectly hollow.

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